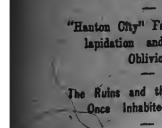
A BURIED CITY.

A Once Thriving Settlement Hidden in Smithfield Woods.

"Hanton City" Fallen into Dilapidation and Almost Oblivion.

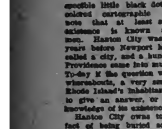
The Ruins and the Race that Once Inhabited Them.



HERE are only four real cities down on the map of Rhode Island, and "Hanton City" is not one of them. It is not even chartered with a number of public buildings, asis Rice City,

upon this little black dot upon the particolored cartographic surface to denote that at least something of importance is known and marked of men. Hanton City was in its prime 20 years before Newport had a title to be called a city, and a hundred years before Providence came into its municipal existence. To-day if the question were put up to its townsfolk, a very small proportion of Rhode Island's inhabitants would be able to give an answer, or even to claim a knowledge of its existence.

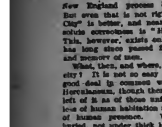
Hanton City owes to the humiliating fact of being buried somewhere in the town of Smithfield; city though it was, it is now but the forgotten fraction of a town. Hanton City is the name the newspapers call it. Nevertheless the Smithfield bearing of Hanton City have even got it down on the map as "Hanton" and City." but this is so obviously incorrect that it excites only amused contempt from natives who appear to think the corrector ignorant that the nativity of men, pause it "Hanton City," from which the shorter name was derived, as a familiar



HANTON CITY RUINS.

New England process of word-change. But even that is not right. "Hermedon City" is the real and ancient title, and to substitute corruptions is "Hermedon City." This, however, exists only in books, and has long since passed into the mouths and memory of men.

What, then, and where, is this unmapped city? It is not so easy to find: it has a good deal in common with Pompeii and Herculaneum, though there is not as much left of it as of those unfortunate townships of human dedication and lava in the days of human presence. What remains is buried, not under thick lave deposits, but in a wild mash of woods. There is, of course, a road leading to the principal plaza of Hanton City; but it is now so overgrown with bush and tree that there is no pullint and washed out by the rain, that it is hard to distinguish from the forest through which it runs. It is thus a serious undertaking to visit the extinct city. Those who run up on the railroad and fallmed till you reach Stillwater; then



THE SCRUBS.

you take a carriage, if you are so fortunate as to have a friend to furnish one. You drive up the road a little way to the shop of a certain old native of the town, who knows all there is to know of it, and that common report at least can furnish about Hanton City, and he can furnish also a guide, if you require one.

A couple of Journal representatives recently started on this journey. They abandoned the team, found the friend, took the carriage, and interviewed the native. He knew Hanton City well, and at the second hammer to guide the strangers through. Besides one or two of the more delightful episodes of the trip. Unlike Dr. Johnson's bore, he had his account on his mental tablets. His was a boyhood boy, a boy; but his age was perfectly indiscriminating before the trip was half ingested almost, preternaturally dark of complexion, his features were wrapped in a gloom that was almost Egyptian in its nacle — and when he smiled, it was only at predicaments that were not at all laughable to the rest of the party. His voice was husky and scarcely sufficient to be audibly remembered.

"Yes; I know where them cellar holes be. Is I guess I'd 'bin yo there."

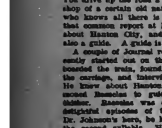
The monosyllabic reply he will accept; but it was not without a deal of

RAMBLER.

difficulty that his purpose was ultimately realized.

The "island woods" are the present situation of Hanton City. Why they are called an does not appear, but there being up water in the neighborhood, that can be no island. They are extremely wild and thickly grown up, and appear to be but little frequented except by hunters and other woodsmen. Furze, partridges and wooms grow there for those who like the sport of taking them. Through the "island woods," to the luxuriant detriment of so occasional fat partridge, the exploring expedition made a difficult way, till finally a little clearing was carried and a little knoll, upon which stood what might be called a suburb of the city. The house is a modern edifice compared with the oldest inhabitance of the city, beyond, and was formerly a farm-house, evidently none made use of recently by wood cutters or hunters, for an old stove was there, and some signs of straw beds. But as a habitation it must have been badly exposed to the weather in the recent years.

This was one of the last places to be abandoned, and he gives vividly from memory the story of time and the weather. It is the "Asel Hanton place," and its situation is known to every "native" citizen. This and many other houses of the old-time settlement were occupied by families of the Hanton name, and the oldest, and once one of the most honored names in the northern part of the town of Smithfield, is that which, within the memory of only the very oldest of those now living, there was a little stream, which still makes here, who made shoes by hand, and carried them to Providence by wagon for sale, which industry, as well as others, came machinery, and labor-saving devices, and finally disappeared. His grandmother died 50 years and more ago, he declared, at the age of 104, and he was born in one of the houses, his grandfather having lived there for a good while. Even knocking off the probabilities this would put the old place well back

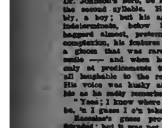


THE LOST TO BE ABANDON D.

thriving in the middle, generally better nuts. It is not supposable that the vanished Hantonites left a single bushel of available trees in their cellars, to the natural supposition is that they were great butternut, and, also, along the roadside, the nuts on the cellar floor, where they took refuge from the storms on the day of adversity for the inmates came. In all these other vegetation have done well under the smashings and storms of the last half of 50 years. But the Hantonites did plant trees, though, and for this they are now chiefly remembered by the inhabitants. They planted fruit as well as flowers about their houses, and their trees are growing and flourishing still. Remains may be seen of peach trees, toughened by the rude hand of nature, which, alone in the forest, have survived the blights and decays that stole efets and trader cultivated trees, and have transformed them into a kind of wild fruit each year. So about the middle of every September the inhabitants remember Hanton City, and gather the peaches that now alone recall the municipality to mind. They grow overmuch like all trees in the neighborhood, bear well, but they are a little wild and unsightly in their flavor, while the apples are sour beyond endurance. The Hanton City fathers may have eaten down without wincing, but the palates of the children are certainly set on edge. Round about the dismantled cellar are the thick walls of the forest, shutting it in completely in. It was difficult to be particularly sad in the days of primeval joy for the hostess, though not very far apart, were bonored, and well protected from the wild beasts of the present forest-growth.

Hanton City had one advantage that its modern successors have not availed of to such an extent. It was an ideal city of parks, without the necessity of hiring or purchasing ground for the purpose. There was more park than city.

The larger and better part of these have not be abandoned, and one of the architect structures of them all, is to be met with on the road that leads out of the "island woods," situated in a good-sized meadow. The house is still—but it is, the materials are, but they are strewed over the ground in a woeful manner. The big chimney is the middle of the ruin remains. Its pristine vigor, but the bare roof timbers, the side walls, with the plaster still clinging to them like lying on the ground, and the cellar full of the débris of half a century. On a few year years since this house was abandoned by a thrifty Irish farmer, who now has at



THE SUBURB.

root a farm at Cherry in in the neighborhood, and, who has moved only about a rood a little further down. His present house is not a room more so sensible as the Shepherd relic was, but perhaps in many cat be excused from the slight that seems to have struck with a heavy hand all that had relations with Hanton City.

The last of the Hantons lives beyond. He, too, has moved away from the city of his fathers; but generally he does not escape the Hanton blight. Old Tom Hanton he is called, and is about 80 years old; he lives with his sister in a large room little shanty, that presents indeed a pitiable picture of what a once prosperous and energetic race has come down to. The exploring party called upon the Hantons, as in duty bound after a long search an inspection of their ex-city. Miss Hanton was not excepting callers, for she was in Smithfield, which means, to be sure, a short skirt and barefoot, but it might not have made any difference if they had been expecting them. The old man is the nephew of the three leading Hantons who made shoes, and carried them to Providence. His grandmother died 50 years and more ago, he declared, at the age of 104, and he was born in one of the houses, his grandfather having lived there for a good while. Even knocking off the probabilities this would put the old place well back

THE LAST OF THE HANTONS.

in Rhode Island history; but as the genealogical records of the Shippens make or go tring the name to the locality at the outset, he seems to be a plausible character in history.

Of the old times, and the changes the old man had lived through since Hanton City had decay'd to the wood, he had much to say. The trips to Providence and "Pawchuck" or "Pawtucket" as the city was called, the convivial habits of Hanton City, the price of wood "a" is fifty dollars a cord now—when they used to haul it down to Limerock, the last saw mills that have disappeared from the Junction of the Pawco who used to marry them, and who didn't "get there nothin', only got filled up with rum and a supper as their tee, the fruit that the village cultivated, and the "pumpkin pies and bolcocks" that used to delight their eyes with color and their noses with fragrance—these had plenty to talk of. It was a lively and enterprising place, he concluded, when he was young, but they had all got poor, and sold out to anybody, and died off, so that now Irish and Italians occupy many of the finest acres of the town.

The last of the Hantons made a much truer observation than when he noted that they "all got poor and sold out" in his native town, and that was when he contrasted it going out of the hands of the old New England stock. Many wiser heads than the old man's have contrasted the fortunate course of events, and have done more than sigh over the sad, hopeless despopulation of New England farming districts. The decay and disappearance of Hanton City is only a fair illustration of the sad complaint widespread through New England. The conditions of life have driven the abler and more vigorous from the country to the West; the others left behind have been unable to do more than maintain decayed lands and houses or have "run out."

Is it a deterioration of the stock, or a momentary result of the changes that have brought near as by the railroads? Can the trees grow as luxuriantly as they did in the new conditions, and find in "intensive farming" a remedy for this decay, a, or is competition cannot drive it, or will energy and thrift and foresight find better rewards elsewhere, and be drawn away by the fertile and rocky soil that means hard work and small returns? That is hard to say, and the final word has not been said.

In the meantime Hanton City, buried in its faithful woods, rears small hope of a boom; and its chief industry is to furnish trees for those unsympathetic who know where to go. Hickory has become some little profit in knowing its whereabouts, but does not build hopes on increasing it much.

How to Thief

The outstanding loans on the 1st of January, 1889, were $41,481,179, secured by mortgages that are first liens on real estate valued at $97,000,000. The other company can show six-sevenths of its assets invested in first mortgages on real estate, and probably no other institution in the world, as large as the Northwestern, is reducing its liabilities so rapidly.—Advt.

W. P. GANNETT, Gen. Agt.
31 Westminster street.

Try the Imperial Champagne. Its bouquet is delicious. It is perfect y pure. A beauty with a good constitution. Sold by all dealers.

CHEAP CLOTH FOR BALLOONS.

THE LONSDALE CO. MAKES IT FOR THE PROMINENT AERONAUTS.

Silk Balloons are too Costly for the Parachute Jumpers to Leave Behind Them.

The Lonsdale Company and its famous product "Fruit of the Loom," are known all the land over. They make a great deal of goods, and recently a sizable little trade business has grown up with them, which fascinates people by its peculiarity and its exact quality. This is nothing less than the making of cloth for balloons. Since their first order of cloth for this purpose others have increased, and the company has made nearly 3,000 yards of it. Most of this work has been the cotton. Large orders via the records, Prof. Coxwell, Prof. Baldwin, Prof. Lowe, the business Madame Carlotta, who is also a parachute jumper, Lieut. Paul Boyton, and others. The latest order was filled last week for Thomas Scott, the daring parachute jumper, of Quincy, Ill.

This kind of cloth for balloons is not the Berkeley mill and is known as stock No. 1021. It is a light cotton cloth, and goes into the manufacture of balloons about one-fifth the weight of silk balloons of the same size. The first parachute jump ever made in this country was that of Mr. Jacques Garnerin in 1797. Park Gardens, in London, was the scene. The balloon relieved so suddenly of such a heavy weight shot upward like a rocket, burst and was destroyed. The jump was successful, but the balloon was lost. Rope and tarpaulin relied from the business, but little progress was made in it until Mr. Robert Cockin in 1837, and his career as a parachutist of 50 days prior to that time has been practically abandoned until 1887, when Mr. Baldwin, of San Francisco, made a successful leap at San Francisco, Cal.

The balloons for the purpose were generally made of silk. But the chances of losing the silk balloon are so great, and the cost so great, and the loss of capital then sustained so heavy, that inventive brains and means were made and it was found that the cheaper balloon would answer the purpose, and they were constructed of fine cotton cloth. Such a balloon, however, is impervious to the gas, and these balloons are now filled by a chemical process making the leap, or, if inflated with hot air they overcome the difficulty of the balloon's stinking, and can be easily repaired and used again. The cloth made at Lonsdale has been found to answer the purpose better than any other material, and is now used by the principal aeronauts in the performance of their balloons.

It requires 900 yards of cloth to make a balloon 70 feet in diameter and capable of lifting 1000 pounds.

Have Used It for 40 Years.
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.
Always keep it in the house.
For hoarseness, bronchitis, croup, coughs, colds and consumption.

THE OLD PINK HOMESTEAD, CRANSTON.

ON UPLAND AND MARSH.

FALL SPORT ACTIVELY BEGUN AMONG THE DEVOTEES OF THE SHOT GUN.

Game is Plenty but Much Hunted and Shy.

THE chill in the air which the evening and the early morning bring these days of mellow autumn gives the scene before the eyes of the sportsman an enthusiastic tinge. There is a tingle in the blood of spirit which has often driven him afield in the past. The vision of fields, of stubble, of high hedges and deep-cut ravines, of rickety Virginia rail fences and of stone walls, where the dry leaves rustle on one side and the fresh grass is springing up in a thin edge on the other, presents itself in the hunters' minds. The grass in the meadows, close cropped by the cattle, is growing dead and dry to the touch. The golden-rod is to the fore, and in the late afternoons a damp, earthy odor comes up from the hills. The landscape is shading off its summer tint of green, and taking on the yellow, brown and russet hues heralding the period of its existence.

Already the roosting sap has turned the sumac bush and the young maple to a crimson and scarlet hue. The sportsman cogitates these memories, and thinks of the stubble and the wood and of the low land and the marsh. The sweep of the bag and the covert inlets open to his meditation, for it will not be long before the black duck and its web-footed brethren will be winging southward with the approaching cooling of the north.

The freedom of the world is the sportsman's, and he can take the pleasure of this liberty, too, without becoming a globe trotter. A shot gun, a trusty and well-trained dog, and a few cartridges in his pocket, a few handfuls in his game bag and a pair of stout legs can bring many of the delights of a terrestrial paradise in one short day.

What do the shortening hours of twilight and the sunset flush in the western horizon bring to the Rhode Island follower of gun and dog? Good wild water? Yes, in the old time, and he will smile at such a question. He knows where is the sheltered corner of the old-time meadow. He can tell one where the flash and whirr of the partridge will make the hitherto quiet heart beat quicker, where the newly shorn and scented pools call the rail and the reed-bird from the bay, and the quail to rest from their pilgrimage to the southward. He has hinted many a time where the snipe will rise the night like bits of gray and white lightening against the sky, and he knows the meadow lark's haunt. He will be impart his knowledge and have his preserves encroached upon by those who will not go afield themselves, but prefer the more secluded resort?

Generally speaking he will not, but need not, as the case may be, for a difference to the novice. The chances are, if the latter has the judgment and the good dog, he will be about as large a bag as the old timer in his favorite resorts.

Game is reported plenty in Rhode Island this year, unusually so, in fact. This is due to the open season for the birds, and to a moderate season the year before. Partridge are found generally all over the state, and they are larger in groups, having been scattered into ones and twos or threes by the myriads of Nimrods who have gone out seeking their destruction. The partridges have a hard time of it in Rhode Island in the fall. A reasonably large army of city sportsmen are scouring the land now and for these four or five days in the week, especially Sunday. But that is not the worst of it for poor partridge. It is the native sportsman who the writer not long ago that the bird would never be exterminated in this State by the pot hunters that it is by the trap. The trap, the deadly trap, was what would make the partridge scarce in the woods. A partridge had an insane idea that a path always led to something good. It followed a path simply for anything else. No bird can say more truly that bread is the staff of life than the partridge, headed to destruction than the partridge, when they find death at the end of the pulitical way every time.

The extent to which traps are set for this bird right here in Rhode Island is astonishing. A Providence man said he had set received 150 Partridges last week, and a Smithfield man declared he had seen about. Put hunters, who are not in doubt the most depraved creatures extant in the way of a true sportsman's eye for anything at this season of the year and go out setting traps. Two of these men were recently discovered by the writer in miles of snares set. They got a wagon load of old horse and hide and set forth on this line picking up the birds. They are all poachers. Some of the farmers' boys are at it, too, and the do go to 50 cents apiece they get for the partridge makes a large income in their eyes. But the trapping of the partridge does not end it the quail is a bird of civilization, it is Robert's land, and the trapper can see ever